

The History of

Cozen, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to us againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.
Weſt. I will, my Liege.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Exeunt.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a devill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Unleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of leaping-Houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperſuous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moon and ſeven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; under whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for

proofe

Henry the

proofe: Now a purſe of day night, and moſt diſſe with ſweearing lay by, as low an ebbe as the fo high a flow as the ridge

Falſ. By the Lord thoſteſſe of the Taverne a m

Prince. As the hony of not a Buffe Jerkin a mo

Falſ. How now, how thy quiddities? What Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what the Taverne?

Falſ. Well, thou h and oft.

Prince. Did I ever ca

Falſ. No, i'le give the

Prince. Yea, and elſev and where it would no

Falſ. Yea, and ſo uſe thou art Heire appar Gallows ſtanding in A lution thus ſnub'd as it tick the Law? doe not

Prin. No, thou ſhalt

Falſ. Shall I? O rare

Prin. Thou judget hanging of the Theev

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, humor, as well as wai

Prin. For obtaining

Falſ. Yea, for obtai no leane Wardrop. Zh a lugd-Bear.

Prin. Or an old Li

Falſ. Yea, or the c

Prince. What ſay